

## Barre Evening Enterprise,

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Will the battles with the bullets end before the battles with bullets open in the fall? Not unless Spain gives us a chance at her ships.

American summer resorts ought to do a rushing business this year, for European trips will be rather risky if taken in American ships.

St. Louis and Louisville still occupy familiar places in the standing of the base ball teams. Even the excitement of war does not disturb their positions.

No more appropriate place for the rendezvous of our National Guard could be selected than Fort Ethan Allen near the shores of our own historic Lake Champlain.

Our sailor boys who are assisting in the capture of Spanish war vessels off Key West, will find their bank account much increased when the vessel war is over.

"Joe" Leiter would show a little more patriotism if he delayed for a time his battle with "Chicago bears" and devoted some attention to Spanish bull fighters who are to invade Cuba.

No Spaniard need have any fears that he will be injured in any way if he sees fit to remain in this city. We are a peaceful community and have no desire to injure those from other lands who may dwell among us.

Timid people who fear the Spanish across the Canadian line, will make a raid into our State need have no fears. Green Mountain farmers are made of the stuff that is needed when such cowards as the Spaniards sneak in at our back door.

To a stranger the process of voting a salary to such an important officer as the city clerk must look ridiculous. We should not forget this defect in our charter at the next session of the legislature. Fix the salary at a decent figure and one thing more will have faded out of the warnings for special city meetings.

It is to be hoped that our city taxpayers will give the matter of purchasing the water works careful consideration during the present week. Delays are always dangerous, and now is the time for action. Procrastination is the robber of time; then let us be up and at our duty before the company invests thousands more. Either have the system purchased by condemnation proceedings, or keep our hands off it.

While the expense of an extra session of the State Legislature will be several thousand dollars, yet we think few taxpayers will object to the cost if Governor Grant should deem it best to take such action, in order that the loyal laws of the state may be assured of just what Vermont proposes to do by her volunteers. By all means let us have a special session if it is necessary, regardless of cost.

The passing of the venerable John Sherman from public life will be deeply regretted, for he has long been a most valuable member of either the Legislative or Executive branch of the government. Had political tricksters not worked the wires in such a way as to make room for Hanna in the Senate, we have no reason to doubt but what Sherman would have remained in the Senate for some time to come. Sherman will forever have a firm hold on the heart of the American people regardless of party.

As we stated several days ago "Tully" Roosevelt begins with the rank of Lieut. Colonel of the cavalry regiment, but watch this prediction, he will gain promotion, if brilliant work on field of battle counts for reward. "Tully" will have firm friends behind him, for the cowboys love him far better today than when, as a youth just from Harvard he made his appearance at the western ranch, where he was obliged to show his ability as a fighter before gaining their lasting friendship. Today those men of the plains are with him, and where he leads they will surely follow. Roosevelt not only talked war, but now shows his willingness to aid in carrying his policy into execution.

### AN ODE OF HORACE.

(Horace, Book I, Last Ode, "Persians out.")  
To feast in high state,  
Like a Persian, I hate.  
Wreaths of hyacinth I care not to braid.  
Then come, boys, to look  
Through each leafy nook  
For the summer's last rose ere it fade.  
The myrtle alone  
Has a charm all its own.  
I forbid thee might ought to entwine.  
It is fittest for thee,  
For the sweetest for me.  
While I quaff the dewy arching vine,  
—J. R. in Spectator.

### CAPTURE OF A VETERAN.

By the Commander in Chief of His Headquarters.

"Say, mister, have you seen a mean looking little fellow with a blue suit on brass buttons on hangin' round here this week?" said a tall woman to the clerk at a Lewiston hotel Friday.  
"Don't know that I have. How mean does he look?" was the reply.  
"He pretends to be a veteran," continued the woman regarding the clerk over her glasses, "an' ginally about Grand Army time he disappears from his wife's bed an' board an' goes off an' hicks the hull south. I want to see him. I want him to come home."

Up the corridors came the sound of laughter.

A party of veterans were telling tales of war.

A familiar voice smote upon the air.

The woman's lips closed tightly.

"I tell you, comrades, I jes' enjoyed that fight at Chancellorsville more'n I did the hull durned muss from fus to las'."

You see, Gin'ral Jackson was off on his own lef' a-trampin' like the very devil to outflank the Union lines. That air mornin' my cap'n he sez to me, sez he, 'Jake, you take a detachment of five men an' go out an' see what Stonewall's doin'!'

Elif you suspect—of you suspect, sez he—that there's any kind of sneak in or boutin' around the bush goin' on, you jes' lay low an' lyke for the Union lines."

"Well, sez I."

Just then a woman shoved through the throng and looked her arm in his.

The words died on his lips. The fight died out of his eyes. A spasm passed over his countenance that left it a sickly green, the color of the hide of a sour cucumber.

"Jabez," said the woman, "he you here a-lyin' ag'in? What made you take that air ag'in drive him here to this G. A. R. spree? How you been a-drinkin'?"

Hev you been a-forgettin' of your commandment not to lie? Did you tell these gentlemen that as far as you got to war was to Augusta, an' that you got so fered over there that you was lookin' for the angels? Gin'ral Jackson! You jes' lyin' thine own! Did you tell the Grand Army men that you was drafted an' that they couldn't find you for six weeks where he sez he was in the woods?"

"Come home, Jabez—the crows and the pigs need you."

And the little old man in the blue coat looked up to the woman's face with a gray, misty, tearful look in his eyes.

The glad light that had been in them was gone. His little bit of glory was at an end.

Poor old fellow—after all!—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### HELPS THE PLUMBER.

The House Rat Rats Quantities of Lead Pipe and Creates Sewer Gas.

One of the most persistent and destructive assistants the plumber has is the house rat. A rat can eat out plumbings as fast as an average honest man can pay for it.

To a rat a greasy lead pipe is a toothsome morsel. When a hungry rat forsakes the barn and finds his way into the cellar of a house and thence up through the walls to the space between the floors, the first thing he tackles is the grease on the outside of a lead water pipe.

If he finds other food shortly thereafter, he spares the pipe, otherwise he eats the pipe and the water escapes through to the ceiling below and ruins the plaster.

The plumber is sent for and repairs the leak, but he doesn't tell what caused it.

Once upon a time a rat was "hoist by his own petard," so to speak. He got into a house and found his way to a lead pipe, on which he tried his teeth.

It was pleasant chewing and put a little edge on his teeth, so he continued. Soon he had eaten a large hole in the pipe and a stream of scalding water poured forth.

Before he could escape he had been scalded to death, to say nothing of being drowned. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had ruined a fine ceiling and that the carpet underneath it had been soaked full of lime-water. There is no great loss without some small gain.

Just to show what they could do, some rats once ate 50 feet of lead pipe under a bathroom and over the kitchen of a big hotel in this city.

The floor of the bathroom was marble and under it was a fireproof floor made of iron beams and hollow tiles. The pipes were laid in the space between the floor and the girders. Rats were attracted thereto by the odors from the kitchen. They met the lead pipes. When their appetites were satisfied, the space was filled with lead.

Rats like to eat drain pipes from kitchen sinks because they are lined with grease. The only way to keep them away is to pack the pipes with mineral wool. Mineral wool is a substance made of furnace slag through which a jet of air has been forced while it cooled. The mineral wool gets into the eyes of the rats and drives them away. Modern plumbers discourage rats by laying iron instead of lead pipes.

Rats, strange to say, are great breeders of sewer gas. They gather up bones and scraps of meat about the kitchen yard and carry them up into the rafters between floors and ceilings. The presence of this plunder is sooner or later discovered by the odor, and the plumber is sent for to discover whence the sewer gas comes. It is not always well to tell the housekeeper the truth.

Thus it is the humble brown house rat helps his friend the plumber earn an honest livelihood, and the plumber thanks him in his own gentle way.—Kansas City Star.

### Latinized English.

There was a period in the history of English literature, says Professor Mark H. Laddell in The Atlantic, when the ideal of a perfect sentence was one in which English thought was so run into a classic mold as to make the English reader stand on his head to see the meaning of it. That was because the obvious fact in most Latin sentences was a periodic structure. It was an easy road to beautiful expression to assume this perfection for English sentences and make them conform to it. Men shut their eyes to a multiplicity of facts in English writing which they did not understand and chose out of a foreign tongue a single form which they did. In the same way a false type of beauty has often been set up in high places where men should look for a real one.

Asiatic cholera was first supposed to have originated from the consumption of uncooked rice and was called "the rice disease."

### HEROIC LIFE SAVERS.

An Entire Crew, With One Exception, Lost in an Attempted Rescue.

In the series of "Heroes of Peace" there is an article in The Century on "Heroes of the Life Saving Service," by Gustav Kolbe. Mr. Kolbe says:

District Superintendent Jerome G. Kiah, with headquarters at Sand Beach, Mich., is one of the heroes of the life saving service. He holds the gold medal, the highest award the United States government can bestow for heroism in saving life. His name is associated with the most daring and one of the greatest tragedies of the service—a tragedy which wiped out an entire crew with the exception of this sole survivor.

Mr. Kiah was at the time keeper of the Point aux Barques life saving station on Lake Huron. A vessel struck too far out to be reached by the shot and line. The peril of attempting a rescue with the surfboat was only too apparent, but Kiah mustered his men and made the launch.

For awhile their strength and skill enabled them to surmount or push through the tumultuous seas, but once in the open lake beyond the shoals, where the storm was free to riot at will, the real danger began. It was a test beyond human powers. The keeper remembers that twice the boat capsized and was righted.

After that he has a vague recollection of the boat capsizing and righting herself several times and of the crew clinging to it until, one by one, the surfmen, perishing of cold, let go their hold and vanished beneath the waves. He has a dim remembrance of the boat, with himself clinging to it, grating over the shoal, and then being flung up on shore.

He was found by two men, standing, with one hand on the roof of a fallen tree, steadying himself with a lath in the other and swaying as if walking, but not stirring his feet—a dazed, tottering wreck of his former self, murmuring in an incoherent way:

"Poor boys! Poor boys! They are all gone—all gone!" Temporarily shattered in mind and body, he was obliged to resign from the service. He was long in recovering, but finally it was possible practically to reward his bravery with the appointment to his present position.

### THE AMERICAN STATURE.

The Loss of an Inch in Height Might Bring Serious Consequences.

In a paper read by Major Henry S. Kilbourne, surgeon United States army, before the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, he advocated the theory that the physical power of a race or people—and consequently their capacity for work—is measured by their average stature. For every inch of height between five and six feet the extreme breathing capacity is increased eight cubic inches, the vital capacity being at its maximum at 85 years. A table of measurements of 190,621 native white Americans, accepted for the military service of the United States, shows that the number of men below 63 inches in height is but little greater than that of the class above 73 inches. The most numerous class is included between 67 and 69 inches, and this standard class would have a greater chest girth than the average. The mean height of 195 United States naval cadets above the age of 18 years was 67.39 inches. As these men are drawn from all parts and classes of the United States they represent very nearly the typical physical development of the American people of 25 years of age.

Major Kilbourne concludes that the commingling strains of Celtic, Danish, Norwegian and German blood among our people have thus far worked no deterioration of physical quality. "Not so with the swarthy, low browed and stunted people now swarming to our shores. Absorbed into the body of the people, these multitudes must inevitably evolve an inferiority of type. To realize the result of such a contingency let it be considered that the loss of an inch in stature might bring in its train the loss of national ascendancy. Let us take care, then, that the state shall suffer no injury."—Boston Transcript.

### Wilkes' Buttons.

Wilkes had the courage which does not always accompany a sarcastic tongue, for he fought two duels and was nearly killed in one of them, and when challenged on a third occasion he behaved himself, on the authority of Crocker, who was certainly no admirer of his, "like a man of temper and honor."

His most serious encounter was with Mr. Martin, and Wilkes was only saved by two buttons diverting the bullet. One of his admirers procured these precious relics and put them in a case with the following inscription, "These two simple yet invaluable buttons, under Providence, preserved the life of my beloved and honest friend John Wilkes in a duel fought with Mr. Martin on the 16th of November, 1763, when true courage and humanity distinguished him in a manner scarcely known in former ages."

"His invincible bravery, as well in the field as in the glorious assertion of the liberty of the subject, will deliver him down an unparalleled example of public virtue to all future generations."

Wilkes would probably have said to this, as the Duke of Wellington to the obsequious gentleman who escorted him across Piccadilly, "Don't be a d—d fool, sir!"—Cornhill Magazine.

### Story of a Ring and a Slipper.

The daughter of a wealthy resident of the hill section presented a young woman friend with a pair of dainty slippers, and in the toe of one of them she placed a valuable ring, set with an opal and two diamonds. The present went to the destination, but the slippers did not fit, and the recipient of the gift did not discover the ring. She sent the slippers back to the store, and they were placed on the shelves with the thousands of other similar boxes.

On Monday the floorwalker in the shoe department received a severe shock when a young woman rushed into the place and rambled off a lot of talk about missing jewels. After some difficulty he managed to get the facts of her story together, and then every one of the employees was ordered to begin a search for the slippers. In two hours they were found, and the ring was just where it had been placed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Better Than a Steam Heated Flat.

Bechelet is inspecting a lodging that suits him, but seems a little cold.

"Oh, you'll never be cold here in the winter!" says the concierge. "There's a stove in the basement and a fur dealer's shop on the first floor."—Gaulois.

### ORIGIN OF THE BICYCLE.

It May Be Traced as Far Back as the Seventeenth Century.

In St. Nicholas Frank H. Vizetelly has told "The Story of the Wheel," tracing the evolution of the bicycle.

Mr. Vizetelly says:

It has been often said that "to trace the origin of the bicycle we must go back to the beginning of the century," and as this has not been denied it is probably true. I shall try to show that the bicycle grew from experiments in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that the celeriferous, first invented in 1690, was the earliest form of the "safety" of today. The first attempts to ride wheels date back as far as the fifteenth century.

True, the machines then made were crude, clumsy and imperfect, yet they deserve mention, for they were a distinct step in the history of the wheel. The first of these was a heavy carriage driven by means of ropes attached to and wound round its axle.

To the other end of the ropes a pole was tied, and this pole was used as a lever in front of the vehicle, and by this means it was slowly drawn forward.

Little was done in the century following, yet in the "Memoirs of Henry Fetherstone" it is told that a Jesuit missionary named Rietz, who was traveling down the Ganges, having missed a boat that plied at regular intervals between points he was to visit in his journey, made up for lost time by building a small carriage propelled by levers. Because so few details are told, the truth of the author's account has been doubted or discredited by many.

In one of England's older churches—St. Giles at Stoke Pogis—is a window of stained glass on which may be seen a cherub astride of a holy horse, or wooden "wheel." At the sides, in separate panels, as if to fix the date of the event, stand two young men attired in Puritan dress, one playing the violin, the other, with hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe.

Is it far from the design that the first thought of the hobby horse of other days was taken?

Before the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1693, Ozanam read a paper describing a vehicle driven by the pedaling of a footman, who stood in a box behind and rested his hands on a bar level with his chin attached to the back of an awning above the rider in the conveyance. This may prove that Fetherstone's account was not untrue. Ozanam's vehicle was followed by another, by an Englishman named Ovenden about 1761, for a description of the machine then appeared in The Universal Magazine. The vehicle was said to be "the best that has hitherto been invented."

The distance covered "with ease" by this mode vehicle is stated to have been six miles an hour, with a "peculiar exertion," nine or ten miles. The steering was done with a pair of reins.

### IN THE FOCUS.

Is This the Reason Our Actors Like the Center of the Stage?

Perhaps the fondness of certain actors today for the center of the stage is a survival from the time when no other position was adequately lighted. In the early days of this century, before the introduction of gas, the footlights consisted of half a dozen or more oil lamps, and the point where they rays converged was very properly known as the "focus." Here all important messages of the piece had to be delivered, since where the accompanying play of feature was not assuredly visible. It is told that when one of Keen's admirers complimented him at supper after a performance of "Othello," saying that in the great scene with Iago he almost thought the tragedian would strangle the villain, Keen answered: "Confound the fellow. He was trying to get me out of the focus." Under the electric light the face of the actor can now be seen clearly in the most remote corner of the stage.—The Conventions of the Drama, by Brander Matthews, in Scribner's.

### The Silk Cotton Tree.

The most remarkable tree on the island of New Providence is without question a specimen of the silk cotton (Bombax ceiba) situated near the postoffice and prison. Growing from its trunk are half a dozen buttresslike extensions, as if to make a firm footing for its great spread of branches of 116 feet. A little boy to whom I showed a photograph of it expressed its appearance very well when he said the spaces between the buttresses would make fine horse stalls. The pods which grow on the tree contain a soft, silky material which the natives sometimes use for stuffing pillows. There are more of these trees, but none so large or old as this one, and we heard no estimate of its age. It is a near relative of the monkey tamarind. Between this bombax and the baobab is an avenue of Spanish harel, a number of the fig family—untidy and insect-borne trees, with a growth of roots hanging from their branches which never reach the ground. All these trees bear fruit, but the figs are small and unfit for eating.—E. G. Cummings in Popular Science Monthly.

### It Killed Him.

"I should fancy the laundry business was about as easy as any to start."

"What makes you think so?"

"All you have to do is to lay in a supply of starch."

"Well, that'll starch you all right."

Three days after there was a burial.—London Tit-Bits.

### Woman's Woe.

It was terrible. The tempest beat the sea into a horrid fury, the waves were mountain high and they swept over the frail craft ceaselessly.

"My flesh creeps!" he cried.

"My complexion runs!" shrieked she.

For it is the lot of woman to suffer most.—Detroit Journal.

### Where the Ticket Went.

In an elevated station on a rainy day, just before reaching the ticket chopper's box, a woman dropped her ticket. It disappeared as completely as though she had never had it. She looked around on the floor, but it was nowhere to be seen. It was very strange.

"Look in your umbrella," said the ticket chopper. She carried an umbrella, which was closed, but not rolled up. She turned it over the handle end down and the ticket dropped out on the floor. She smiled as she picked it up and put it in the box. The ticket chopper said nothing. He had seen this happen before.—New York Sun.

### BOTANY BAY HISTORY.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE NOTORIOUS SOUTH SEA SITE.

No Convict Ever Landed There, No Settlement Ever Made There, and It Has Never Had Anything to Do With England's Penal System.

The first convict fleet sailed away from England in May, 1787, called at Rio Janeiro and arrived at Botany Bay early in January, 1788. In the fleet were a 20-gun frigate, an armed tender, three store-ships and six transports, for the largest fleet that ever sailed to the South sea, though the largest vessel measured only 450 tons and the smallest only 270 tons.

On the six small transports for this long, tropical voyage were packed convicts numbering 504 men and 192 women. There were also carried 168 marines and 10 officers, a few surgeons and mechanics, the wives of 40 of the marines and 13 children, the offspring of convicts. Approximately 1,000 persons in therefore went to found the colony in the newest world less than 110 years old. Captain Philip of the British vessel was placed in command of the expedition and given a commission as governor and captain general of New South Wales.

It is easy for the visitor of today to understand the blank dismay that Philip must have felt when the fleet sailed into Botany Bay and he saw for the first time the place which had been recommended to him as the spot for settlement. It had been selected by the advice of Captain Cook, whose botanists had been so delighted with the profusion of new plants they found there that they had given it the expressive name. Philip found on first examination that a more desirable site for a new settlement had never been chosen. The bay was shallow, there was no good anchorage, there was no good water, and the adjacent land was not fertile, except for botanical specimens.

Leaving the fleet anchored in the bay, Philip started up the coast in his launch to hunt for a better harbor. Nine miles to the northward he found himself facing those great gates now known as Sydney harbor, which Cook had seen from a distance, and, satisfied with Botany Bay, had marked on his chart as a possible harbor for small boats. Philip rounded the south head and was amazed to see opening before him the bays of Port Jackson—Sydney harbor now—famed the world over as the best harbor in the seven seas and disputed for that distinction by few. Three days of exploration left no possible doubt that this was the place to be selected, and Philip returned at once to Botany.

The fleet was standing out of the bay, when two French frigates appeared in the offing. They were an exploring party under Comte de la Perouse, without hostile intentions, which was an immense relief to the colonists. Botany Bay was left to the French. They refused to land and retired, staying until March, and leaving on shore one of their company, the naturalist of the expedition, who died of wounds received in an encounter with the natives of an island they had touched. A few months later the French expedition was shipwrecked, and every one of the crew was murdered by the natives of Vanikoro, one of the Santa Cruz islands. In 1835 a monument was erected by the French government to the memory of the commander of the expedition at Botany Bay.

This is all of the story of Botany Bay, a name long infamous because of its association with convict transportation. No convict ever was landed there, no settlement ever was made there, and it never had anything more to do with the "system" than I have related. It is a circular bay, with an entrance so wide as to leave it almost an open roadstead. The shores are flat, low, sandy and uninteresting.

When I went there not long ago, the tide was out and the beach was foul with all sorts of drifts. One peninsula, which juts between the bay and the ocean, has been reserved for noxious trades, and they will elbow the obelisk erected to the memory of Captain Cook, so that in the future the bay will be no more savory than its name has been, unjustly, in the past. The French monument is at the other side of the entrance to the bay.

It was the 26th of January, 1788, when the fleet of Governor Arthur Phillip entered what is now Sydney harbor. The settlement of the continent of Australia was begun.—Chicago Record.

### He Should Have Brought Them.

A doctor tells a good story in connection with a lad who, until recently, was in his employ. It was part of his duties to answer the surgery bell and to usher the prospective patients into the consulting room. One morning there presented himself at the surgery entrance a mechanic with whom Duttons was on speaking terms.

"Hello, Jackson!" he remarked.

"What's the matter with ye?"

"Oh, I just want to see the doctor."

"Have ye brought yer symptoms with ye?" inquired Duttons. "That's the first thing he'll ask ye about. If ye ain't brought 'em, ye'd better put back, an' get 'em. He won't be down for a quarter of an hour, an' he's awful particular about 'em!"

"And would you believe it?" adds the doctor, "that fellow was actually about to act on the boy's advice when I entered the surgery!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Socialistic Extremes.

Wallace—The very idea of socialism is ridiculous.

Ferry—Do you really think so?

Wallace—Of course I do. Just fancy your clothes not belonging to yourself, but to the common stock. That sort of thing is all right with umbrellas and cigars, but it ought to go no further.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Omni-buses were originally started in Paris in 1662. They died out, however, and were not revived till 1827. Two years later they were adopted in London.

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